Ber. This is the liuer veine, which makes fleſh a deitie.
A Greene Gooſe, a Coddeſſe, pure pure Idolatrie.
God amend vs, God amend, we are much out o'th'way.

Enter Dumaine.

Lon. By whom ſhall I ſend this (company?) Stay.
Bero. All hid, all hid, an old infant play,
Like a demie God, here ſit I in the skie,
And wretched fooles ſecrets heedfully ore-eye.
More Sackes to the myll. O heauens I haue my wiſh,
Dumaine tranſform'd, foure Woodcocks in a diſh.
Dum. O moſt diuine *Kate*.
Bero. O moſt prophane coxcombe.
Dum. By heauen the wonder of a mortall eye.
Bero. By earth ſhe is not, corporall, there you lye.
Dum. Her Amber haires for foule hath amber coted,
Ber. An Amber coloured Rauen was well noted.
Dum. As vpright as the Cedar.
Ber. Stoope I ſay her ſhoulder is with-child.
Dum. As faire as day.
Ber. I as ſome dayes, but then no Sunne muſt ſhine.
Dum. O that I had my wiſh?
Lon. And I had mine.
Kin. And mine too good Lord.
Ber. Amen, ſo I had mine: Is not that a good word?
Dum. I would forget her, but a Feuer ſhe
Raignes in my bloud, and will remembred be.
Ber. A Feuer in your bloud, why then inciſion
Would let her out in Sawcers, ſweet miſpriſion.
Dum. Once more Ile read the Ode that I haue writ.
Ber. Once more Ile marke how Loue can vary Wit.

Dumaine reades his Sonnet.

On a day, alack the day:
Loue, whoſe Month is euery May,
Spied a bloſſome paſſing faire,
Playing in the wanton ayre:
Through the Velure, leaues the winde,
All vnſeene, can paſſage finde.

That

That the Louer ſicke to death,
Wiſh himſelfe the heauens breath.
Ayre (quoth he) thy cheekes may blowe,
Ayre, would I might triumph ſo.
But alacke my hand is ſworne,
Nere to plucke thee from thy throne:
Vow alacke for youth vnmeete,
Youth ſo apt to plucke a ſweete.
Doe not call it ſinne in me,
That I am forſworne for thee.
Thou for whom Ioue *would ſweare,*
Iuno *but an Æthiope were,*
And deny himſelfe for Ioue.
Turning mortall for thy Loue.
This will I ſend, and ſomething elſe more plaine,
That ſhall expreſſe my true-loues faſting paine.
O would the King, *Berowne* and *Longauill*,
Were Louers two, ill to example ill,
Would from my forehead wipe a periur'd note:
For none offend, where all alike doe dote.
Lon. Dumaine, thy Loue is farre from charitie,
That in Loues griefe deſir'ſt ſocietie:
You may looke pale, but I ſhould bluſh I know,
To be ore-heard, and taken napping ſo.
Kin. Come ſir, you bluſh: as his your caſe is ſ
You chide at him, offending twice as much,
You doe not Loue *Maria*? *Longauile*,
Did neuer Sonnet for her ſake compile;
Nor neuer lay his wreathed armes athwart
His louing boſome, to keepe downe his heart.
I haue beene cloſely ſhrowded in this buſh,
And markt you both, and for you both did bluſh.
I heard your guilty Rimes, obſeru'd you faſhion:
Saw ſighes reeke from you, noted well your paſſio
Aye me, ſayes one! O *Ioue*! the other cries!
One her haires were gold, Chriſtall the others eyes
You would for Paradiſe breake Faith and troth,
And *Ioue* for your Loue, would infringe an oath.
What will *Berowne* ſay when that he ſhall heare